

Built Me Up

Have you been ill? Are you still weak and discouraged? Do not get strength as fast as you think you should? Then take a good tonic, something that will aid your digestion and build you up quickly.



Here is a letter from Mr. R. Bartholomew, Jr., Mt. Torrens, So. Australia. He also sends his photograph.

"After a very severe attack of rheumatic fever I was left in a very weak condition. It was feared that I could not possibly pull through. I could get no help from any medicine. I feel sure that unless there had been a change just at that time I could not have recovered. But a friend of mine had taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla and knew what a splendid tonic it was. So he urged me to try it. I can now truthfully say that I felt better even after the first dose. It seemed to build me right up from the very start, and in a few weeks my recovery was complete."

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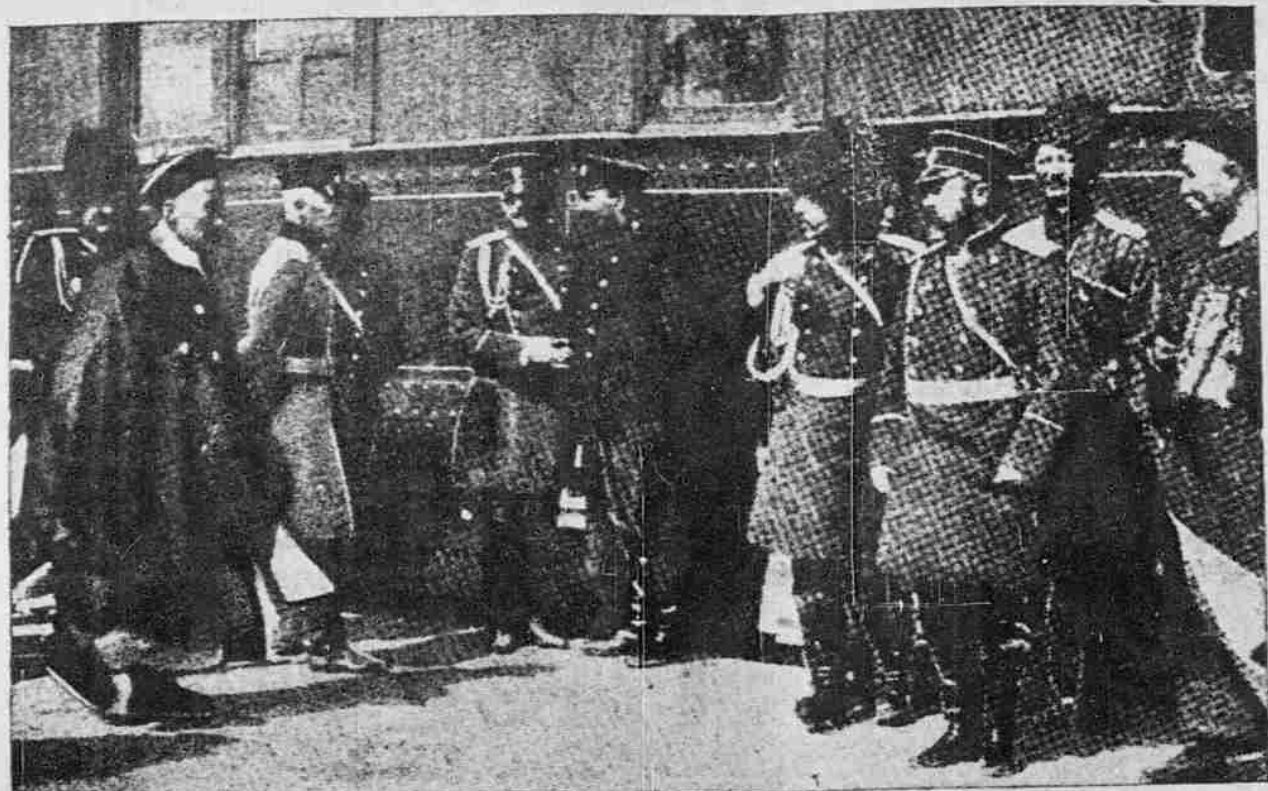
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GENERAL KUROPATKIN MEETING THE CHINESE GENERAL MA AT MUKDEN.

(It was during this interview that General Kuropatkin is reported as saying that he would not let one Japanese soldier return alive to Japan.)

RUSSIA DULLED TO WAR NEWS BUT TRUSTS IN PROVIDENCE

ST. PETERSBURG, July 17.—The attitude of the capital to the war was set in sharp relief last Wednesday afternoon when the Government gave the authority of the Official Messenger to Viceroy Alexieff's telegram that he had it from native sources that the Japanese had lost 30,000 men in a night assault on the earthworks north of Port Arthur.

The fly sheets with the news had a considerable sale. In the Nevski Prospekt, or the heart of the business center, about one man in a dozen bought a copy, which is evidence of unusual interest for St. Petersburg. But it was the nature of the interest displayed that was the extraordinary feature of the afternoon. In the cafes and under the colonnades acquaintances gathered to discuss the telegram. In some groups there was real animation, but in none the slightest approach to cheering or even jubilant handshaking.

What all their talk turned on was the motive for the Government in issuing the telegram. As far as an observer could tell there was not one who was content to believe the news and rejoice at a great victory. The message was, in fact, a complete paradox in its effect; for that same evening, with no more official information to go upon, people stopped each other with the question, "Have you heard that Port Arthur is taken?"

There need have been nothing in the size of the figures to make Russians incredulous. They destroyed twice as many Frenchmen at Borodino, and themselves lost more in single attacks upon Turkish trenches. But they have turned their minds against accepting such deeds in this chapter of their history.

The Viceroy's message had only one use, and that was for testing anybody's theory of why it was made public. The view that found acceptance was that, as it was preceded by a press telegram in the morning to the same effect and the date of the slaughter was several days earlier, the public mind was being prepared for the news of the fall of Port Arthur. The Government, the critics said, could maintain that it was worth the price, that the fortress had annihilated an army before it was lost. The figures of great slaughter were given a good start, in the hope that they would outweigh the grief when the bad news came.

Another interpretation put on the message was that the Japanese themselves had circulated the report in the hope of encouraging the Russians to strike another blow toward the south. Gen. Stakelberg was drawn down to Wafangow in the belief that he could do something for Port Arthur by reports that the Japanese had had very heavy losses there. Just before the defeat at Kinchow the news was spread abroad that the Japanese had lost 15,000 men in trying to take the Russian hill positions.

It seemed part of Japanese tactics to spread bad news about themselves in the hope of making their enemy overconfident and then swooping down on him. The last theory canvassed around is that the Emperor himself ordered the telegram to be published, because his advisers told him it would help mobilization. The one simple explanation that no one apparently will accept, is that the news of the great victory is true.

And yet the unquestionable losses in ships and men among the Japanese, and even more the weeks passing by without their establishing an irretrievable advantage, have given comfort to the Russians. But it is not at all the kind of joy that goes with glorious victories. Those whom hunger does not prevent from mental reveries accept all the events of the war with a certain abstract detachment, inclined mostly to see in them further proofs every day that Providence is on Russia's side, proofs that Russia must finally win whether she wish to or try to, or not.

The widely read paper of the poorer kind of patriot, the Soviet, declares outright that this is the difference between Russian and Japanese. He quotes with fervent approval the address of the Marshal of Nobility at Simbirsk to the Emperor on his tour this week:

"The heavy trials," said the Marshal, "which we now undergo in the Orient, cannot shake our faith in the strength

and might of the Russian Empire. They prove only in higher degree to the whole world, the unshakable strength of the spirit of the Russian people, which is specially protected by Divine Providence."

The Soviet asks foreign critics to ponder these words. They leave out, it says, in their sharp judgment on Russia's conduct of the war, this great truth that the Marshal expressed:

"The firm basis for the Russian triumph lies not in preparedness for war and experience in war of Russian troops. These are necessary; but they are by no means everything. Our enemy shows astonishing bravery, persistence in pursuing its aim which is almost incredible; and they, too, depend on what they believe are the interests of their homes. But they shape their valor out of wine, they are doped like horses for a race. The Russian soldier likes his glass in free time, but he needs no stimulant to make him keen. His courage comes from his inborn feeling that there is the closest bond between the Emperor and his people. Other peoples cannot grasp this religious Russian characteristic."

Another leading exponent of the Russian idea, M. Sanvorin, who reviews five months of the war, without finding much to comfort him in the actual accomplishments of his side, delivers himself of a harangue which is entirely to the taste of the very numerous class of Russian functionary to which he belongs.

"This material age," he broods, "seeks the curious—broken lines, twistings, women's forms which wind like snakes and dragons, pictures without perspective, bronze and ivory trinkets which give impression to Japanese ugliness. European decadence has worked from this source, which came into literature and art as something curious and will so remain. It has become a fashion to play on this sense of the curious, slanting eyed, little and graceless."

"Suddenly this little, hard and cruel spirit, which inclines in war also to pedantic toiling and to dragon bites, which believes only in the material and never seeks war for great ideas, appears on the canvas with European artillery and European cannon and has begun to die in masses and cut its stomach open. And Europe gazes in admiration of this yellow race."

"Why do the European leaders of civilization thus rejoice? Englishmen have been beaten by Boers and Italians by Abyssinians, and who knows who has not been beaten in the last thousand years. Huns and Mongols have brought civilization to nothingness, have exterminated peoples and have then vanished like a hurricane. A hurricane pleases people. Of a hurricane the whole world can speak, of a fearful earthquake there can never be enough talk. It is terrible and pleasurable at once, pleasurable because oneself is not hit by it. It brings one no personal hurt, and one can read of it just as of a scandal in nature; and scandal is liked as much in life as in nature. The Japanese raise a little whirlwind, which seems to the Europeans good material for scandal talk."

"And what have the Japanese achieved? Is it a Napoleon or an Alexander of Macedon who advances on us? A Kuroki comes and yet another Oki. On the memorable night of Feb. 8, they made a great scandal and Europe fell into ecstasy over them. Suddenly in an hour we were nearly without a fleet, and only the ineptitude of the Japanese prevented the campaign from being over in a month."

"There has been no single brilliant military operation on the side of the Japanese, despite their superiority in troops and artillery. The Boers excelled the English by their small numbers and their skill. The natives of the country, from cowardice or from racial relationship, help the Japanese in the fights where we have to meet two enemies, apart from the English and Americans, who busy themselves very successfully with smuggling on Japan's side. Both send them constantly ships with contraband which are consigned to some one or other of the Smith family in Chinese harbors. Had we been prepared we would long ago have made an end of this war and given one final proof that for Russia no yellow peril exists, a proof that the white stands higher than the yellow man, that their slanting eyes are no superiority over us. The eye is the window of the soul and an oblique eye is the sign of an oblique soul."

"The war with the yellow-faced barbarians does not mean the overthrow

of the end of Russia. Russia lives and begins to develop that strong comprehensive life in which in course of time the free and upright Slav peoples will take their active part; and the Slavonic race will give a message to the whole world, such as has not been yet heard, whose strength and meaning the world gets first hint of while she rejoices over the craftiness of the yellow faces."

This fulmination is reprinted and spread broadcast through the Russian press, which has not yet, however, undertaken to explain what it means. Braggadocio is by no means a weakness of individual Russians, whose indifference to the present situation may be due very largely to having no sympathy with the temper of the exhortations addressed to them from the organs of the Government offices.

Letters from the men fighting in Manchuria show none of the pamphleteer's ferociousness and are much more living likenesses of the easy-going people who are having to see the actual war through. Here is one from a Saratoff volunteer written from Hailcheng on June 17:

"Since we marched out from Liaoyan I found that I have too many things. I've sold the valise for a ruble and given away the clothes, except two changes of linen, which I keep in a sack that I have sewn. Here we are on a plain with endless ranges of high mountains in the distance. Our troops are in a long line with the artillery and some infantry in the mountains. Today is a rest day and I write sitting on the ground with a drum for a table."

"We started south on June 12 from Liaoyang to go in the direction of Port Arthur. Gen. Kuropatkin bade us good-by and ordered us to occupy the Datin pass and not let the Japanese pass near us. It is fifty versts from where we are resting. We know nothing of the Japanese and have no news of any kind. It took us three days to march here. At first it was very difficult, but already my feet are getting used to it."

"We have still too many things to carry—a rifle, sixty cartridges, folded overcoat, tent with two propsticks, pegs and rope, rations and reserve ammunition, full clothes bag, tea pannikin and tin mug. We have had biscuits and porridge during the march. I am in very good spirits and hope to return with the Cross of St. George, but it is very difficult to earn one. I am very thin and my engagement ring will not stay on my finger. I have to tie it to my iron locket chain. My face is black and peeling from heat and wind."

END OF TAX APPEAL COURT SESSIONS

This morning the Tax Appeal Court will conclude the hearing of the Ewa plantation group of cases, which was postponed on Friday owing to the Whitney funeral. With this the court will also conclude its hearings, when deliberation will begin. The court sat yesterday until nearly six o'clock.

Yesterday the appeals of Mrs. Eliza Wilder and J. G. Faria were heard, besides additional evidence being taken in the O. R. & L. Co. cattle case.

OLD FIRE RELIC IS OBLITERATED

In the grading of the gore at Palace square, under the arrangement between Secretary Atkinson and the Bishop Estate for beautifying vacant lots, the last vestige of No. 1 fire engine company's station of the former volunteer fire department has disappeared. This was the concrete ash pit that stood under the engine. The old house with its hospitable hall upstairs, topped with a "loud alarm bell," went up in smoke in a sanitary fire of 1900. A few years before the disbandment of the volunteer firemen by the P. G. as a military precaution, some of the business houses of Honolulu paid for supplying No. 1 company with a fine span of horses to draw its machine. There was a great celebration, attended by members of the Government and merchants, in No. 1 hall when horse locomotion was inaugurated.

On Matrimonial Seas.—"Is she the captain of the family ship?" "Oh yes; he is her second or third mate I understand."—(Puck.)

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SULTAN PREFERS FOREIGN THINGS.

The Sultan of Morocco, though only 23 years old, is already quite portly. Notwithstanding the opposition of his subjects, he persists in his quasi-Japanese preference for everything that is foreign and ultra-modern. Automobiles, bicycles, photography, take up much of his time. He has formed a band of over 100 musicians and has a piano, which had to be transported from Larash to Fez on the back of a camel. He even prefers, it is said, the members of his harem imported from Constantinople to the native beauties. His attempts to persuade his wives to wear corsets and Parisian gowns have, however, so far failed.

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